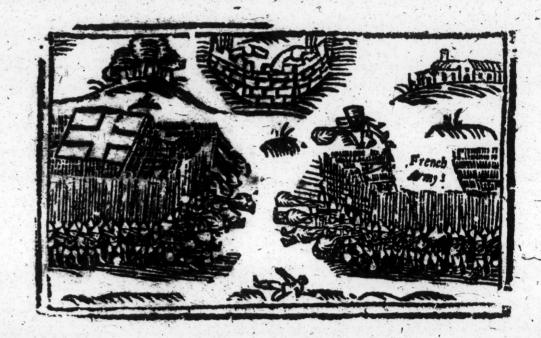
The Loyal SOLDIERS FLANDERS.

A New Song, made by a Protestant Centinel of the English Forces.

To an Excellent New Tune, much in Request,





A 3 was at a Merry Meeting, being in a wirry bein; where I heard a Douldier Singing, True Blew will nover stain.

I have been in France and Flanders, where I have feen great numbers ffain, Collonels, Captains, thief Commanders, True Blew, Ec.

Nati Summer it was Dirty Weather, we march'd through Com with all out train We march'd and fought two days together True Blew will never frain. At Wallcor we had a Battle, for five hours it did remain, The English made the Guns to Kattle, True Blew will never kain.

Little else but Smoak and Fire, could we see all round the Plain; yet we made the French Active, True Blew, Ec.

At Charleroy our Cannons Moared, and our Bullets stew amain; We lay'd the Frenchmen in their Goze, True Blew will never stain.



Not a Soldier feared Oping, though some thousands there lap sain; Shot as thick as Pail was sping, True Blew will never sain.

At length fome of our men was wounded, ape, and other-some was sain; This at all we never value, True Blew, Ec.

Onder the Surgeous hand we tarry'd, till our Wounds was heal'd again, Brave Roble English hearts we carry'd, True blew, Ec.

My Captain was a Pzisoner taken, and our Lieutenant-Collonel sain; Net we'd ne'er fight against our Conscience True Blew, Ec.

Pe that firikes, he map be firucken, he that fights, he map be flain; De that's beaten, is is not eaten, True Blew will never stain. While we in a Land of Strangers did in Camp of Field remain, We were fill befet with Dangers, True Blew will pever stain.

Cis the Wars that we velight in, and a Cowards name vildain; English Bops the vest for Fighting, True New, Ec,

Let not one dispile a Soldier, for he does our Rights maintain, Proving still the Lands upholder. True Blew, Et.

Thus we have been all Europe over, Englands Ponour to maintain, Ind now we're let a shoze at Dover, True Blew, &c.

For King William and Queen Mary, it need be, we'll Kight again, The mean while Bops, let's be Merry. True Blew wil never stain.

Printed for C. Bates, next the Cubon Labern in Well-Smithaile